Rich, Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their spotted soules for this Offence.
Scroope, Sweet love (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe uncurse their soules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write sorrow in the bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as paste, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.
How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood
With solemne Reverence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistooke me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord; wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death.
Where feering dying, payes death servile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is over-blowne,
An easie taske it is to win our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vncle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.
Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken,
Your Vncle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,
And all your southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou hast sayd enough.
Beshrew thee Cosin, which didst lead me forth